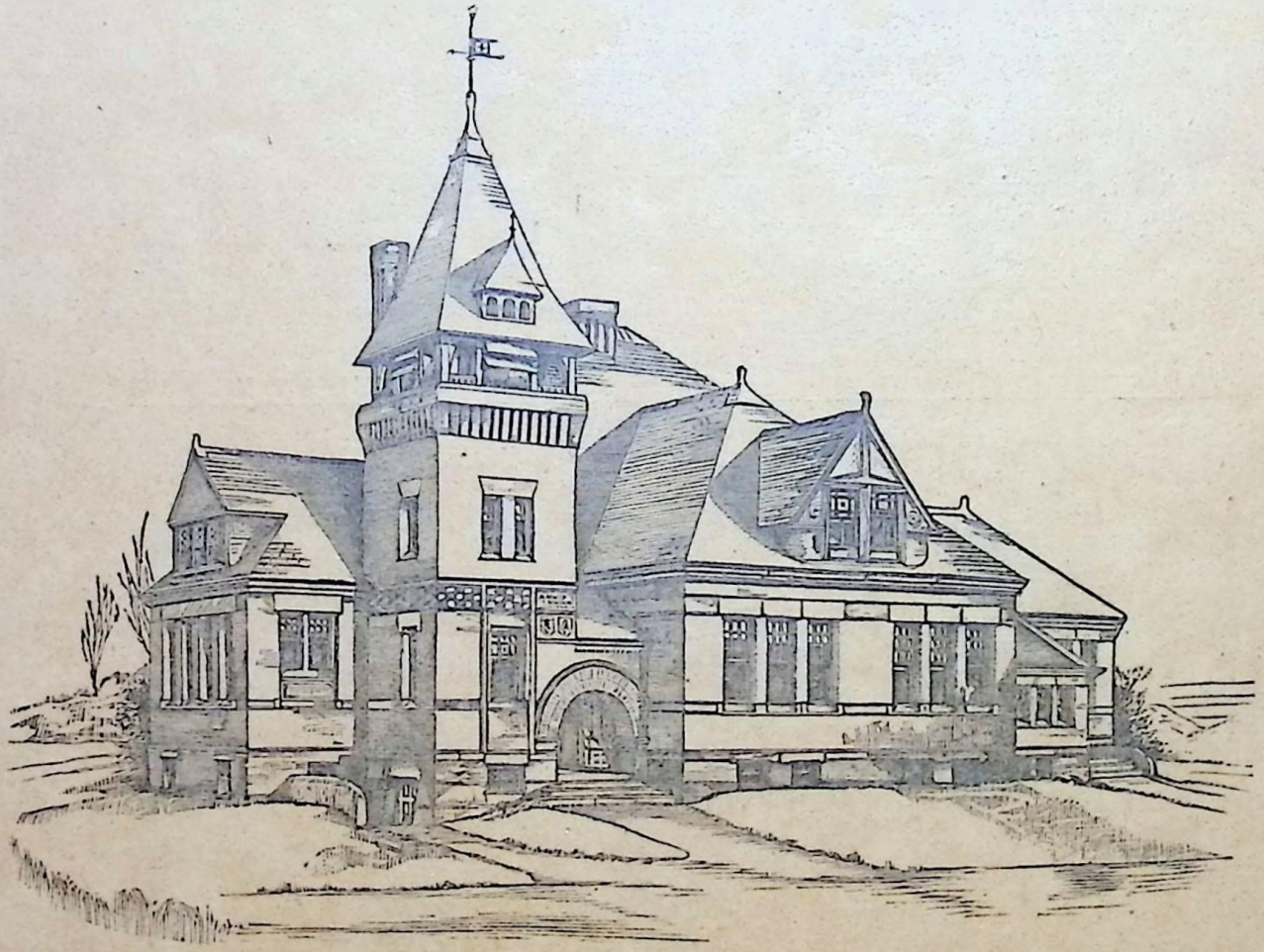
The Tripod.

VOL. IV. THORNTON ACADEMY, SACO, ME., MARCH, 1891. NO. 5.



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The Tripod.

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THORNTON ACADEMY.

A LITERARY MONTHLY PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

Entered as second class mail matter at the post office in Saco, Maine.

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ALICE G. MILLIKEN,
GENEVIEVE L. MARSH,
GRACE M. LOWELL.

Exchange Editors:

CHARLES E. SAWYER,
ADELAIDE HALEY,
H. RAYMOND MCINTIRE.

Business Managers:

FRED A. LORD, FRANK G. LEAVITT

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Editorials.

The school was favored recently by a call from Dr. Pepper, ex-president of Colby.

"The Thorntons" are at work in earnest. Under the direction of Mr. D. E. Owen, the club are studying the historical novel "Hypatia" by Charles Kingsley. The club now meets every Monday evening at seven o'clock, at the house of some one of its members. All the girls are cordially invited to join. Your time will be profitably spent.

Don't think your contributions for the paper have not been accepted if you do not see them in this issue. Very probably they have been put over till next time.

We hope to present to our readers in the subsequent numbers of the TRIPOD brief notes from the best-known colleges of New England. We have already had notes from Bowdoin, in which Saco people are chiefly interested.

Dr. Heinrich Schliemann, who died suddenly in December last at Naples, was the most enthusiastic explorer of the old classic sites that has ever lived. He was an example of what enterprise and enthusiasm will do without great learning. He was a practical business man, who knew how to do a thing, and who got interested in the story of the Trojan War, and determined to look up Troy. His work there, and in other sites, is now a part of the property of the learned world and his name will be remembered as long as the name of Homer himself.

—INDEPENDENT.

A Card of Thanks.

The young ladies of Thornton Academy wish to express their thanks to Mr. Sampson for his kindness and thoughtfulness in providing conveyances to take them to their homes during the severe storm of March 4th.

INA DENNETT,
NELLIE CARPENTER,
SADIE PALMER,
Committee.

—The King of Sweden has published his prose and poetical works in four bulky volumes. This prolific literary sovereign is well versed in the English, French and Norwegian languages, as well as his own.—*Book News.*

A Recipe for Composition Cake.

Take a little piece of paper white,
And then stir some lead about;
And beat it to a batter light,
Without spilling one drop out.

Add to this Cake as ingredient,
Some sugar and some spice,
Throw in some wit and peppermint,
And plenty of work that's "nice."

Then drops of ink to essence it,
And rubber in with care,
And scatter in of spite a bit,
And one very little tear.

Now when the Cake is almost done,
With a little more expense,
Just frost it thick on top, for fun,
With sweet experience.

—H. A. M.

Framingham Normal School.

The oldest and probably the most noted Normal School in the world is located in the beautiful little town of Framingham, Mass. All the buildings, including a school house and two boarding halls, are situated upon the top of Normal Hill, the most beautiful location in the town.

The buildings can be seen for miles and from them one gets a most beautiful view of the surrounding country.

The grounds are large and well laid out and back of the boarding halls is a beautiful grove where the girls often go in warm weather.

The new school building, which was dedicated last June, is an imposing and handsome building of brick and brown stone. Inside, the building is finished in oak and white wood.

Upon the first floor are the dressing rooms, which are very conveniently arranged, each girl having a coat closet and key; and back of these are the practice schools. These rooms are very pleasant and sunny and here during the last year of the course, each girl spends four weeks in teaching; this is considered the most valuable part of the whole course.

Ascending to the second floor, by means of a broad oaken stair case, one will find the reception room, the teachers' private offices, several recitation rooms and the library, which contains several thousand volumes.

From there one ascends to the third floor and enters May Hall, (which is so named in honor of Miss Abbie May, who did a great deal for the school. Her portrait is one of the first things to be noticed upon reaching the third floor.)

May Hall is a large, sunny, beautiful room. Upon the west are six large windows, which overlook the country for miles. Upon the eastern side is the platform with Miss Hyde's desk and chairs for the teachers. There are oak chairs and desks for the students, and a fine grand piano stands near the platform. Upon the walls are portraits of former principals, several busts and beautiful engravings and etchings. Here the teachers and pupils assemble every morning while Miss Hyde conducts the opening exercises; and here also they assemble for dismissal in the afternoon.

Beside May Hall there are the chemical and zoological laboratories and drawing room, fitted up with all necessary apparatus.

The rooms are all pleasant and comfortable and one soon finds that the school room isn't such a disagreeable place after all.

Descending the stairs we will pass out and go to the boarding halls, (for the buildings are not connected) Normal & Crocker. They are both very pleasant halls and accommodate over one hundred teachers and pupils. The rooms are well furnished and pleasant and everything is arranged with a view to making the girls comfortable, happy and at home as long as they remain.

I will not neglect to mention the hospital connected with the school. This is the pleasantest room of all with its large windows and open fire; and here everyone receives the most excellent care from both the nurse and matron, and it is worth one's while to be sick, just to receive personal attention from the matron.

Miss Hyde lives at Normal Hall, where she is ever ready and glad to help and advise all who go to her.

The teachers are deeply interested in the girls and one cannot remain under their influence, even for a short time, without becoming stronger and better, and better able to withstand the trials and hardships of life.

—ANNA C. BELCHER.
Framingham Normal School.

My Ideal Room.

My ideal room faces the East so that the first rays of the morning sun enter. It is in the form of a large pentagon. One side has three windows, the centre one opening upon a large veranda covered with flowers in pots and hanging baskets and pretty boxes. On the veranda, happy canaries in bird cages sing all day long. Among the flowers, minature fountains make the air balmy and refreshing. Looking from the veranda one is surprised to see a mountain, majestic in its rich green and its immense proportions, seemingly very near though in reality so far away that the murmur of its rivulets is scarcely heard, and its shady nooks and sunny stretches are not quickly discerned. Toward the north is a large hill more restful in its simplicity than the mountain in its grandeur. Between the hill and the mountain is a stretch of rolling pasture land and beyon l it, an expanse of glistening sand and sparkling water showing the nearness of the dear old ocean.

Within the room is a large book-case of handsome wood draped with beautiful curtains and filled with many good books;—books of travel, of history, of romance, of science, of classic literature in French, German and English, Latin and Greek. A smaller case contains its owner's favorite volumes:—the works of Emerson, Milton, MacDonald, Edna Lyall, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Jean Ingelow, Scott, Dickens, Irving, Curtis, Hawthorne and some others. The good French, German and English books recently published are found on a revolving case. The table near by holds the best magazines of the three languages.

Looking toward the other side of the room one sees a handsome upright piano with a music stand full of excellent vocal and instrumental music. The violin-case and the cornet lying near show that other musicians than the possessor of the room are accustomed to gather here. On the top of the stand is the picture of the beautiful Mozart and, scattered here and there, pictures and busts of famous men and women and bits of imaginative art, while the portfolio gives promise of many views of famous places.

In one corner of the room is a work-basket with unfinished sewing upon it which shows that this is truly a woman's home. Flowers make the room cheerful and the light graceful chairs and sofa make it a place for long, pleasant talks.

The writing-desk from the pigeon holes of which letters peep forth gives a hint of the voluminous correspondence of its occupant who counts a friend the most choice of all possessions. Indeed it is by far more easy to find some friend in the room, than to find its owner there alone.

The room has much in it but everything harmonizes so perfectly that there is no feeling of any crowding but of ample space. Above all it has that calm, sweet, almost sacred atmosphere which makes it a place of peace and inspiration to all who enter.

—A Girl.

My Ideal Room.

My ideal room is about 20x24 feet in size, and high enough studded to admit of club swinging and other gymnastics. It is at the top of the house, thus avoiding the rest of the household being made too painfully aware that boys are very noisy. It is lighted by three windows, two looking to the east, and one to the south, thus giving plenty of sunlight at the risk of fading the carpet, which is of a large and bright pattern, adding much to the cheerful look of the room.

The wall paper and paint are of a shade which does not invite the turning up side down of everything about once a year, in order to give painters and paper hangers a job.

There is a table, bed, bookcase, &c., and chairs to accommodate myself and friends. This furniture is made of black walnut and not easily marred or injured, for if there is anything that a boy dislikes to do, it is being more than ordinarily careful of furniture. At one end is a fire-place with brass andirons and fender, before which is spread a black fur rug, which shows off to good advantage the English mastiff which is supposed to be asleep thereon.

The mantle contains the prettiest, and prob-

ably the most interesting objects in the room; the photographs of young lady friends, (or the class of '91.)

At the right of the fire-place is the book-case, the three lower shelves contain a collection of works on miscellaneous subjects, the other two are taken up by stuffed birds and other curiosities.

The walls are hung with a few engravings, a pair of snow shoes, a couple of swords used in the late war, or some war, or perhaps never used, but they answer the double purpose of ornamenting, and reminding their owner of the deeds of war.

On the other side of the room are a pair of chest weights and a rowing machine, standing beside the latter are some dumb bells and Indian clubs, and in one corner, a banjo shows that if its owner is not musical, he is at least in style with the youths of 1891.

In this matter of surroundings, almost every one differs, so that my ideal boy's room may not be any other boy's ideal.

—A Boy.

How Sardines are Made.

Sardines are small herring, usually caught in rivers. The best time to catch the fish is when the tide serves at about five o'clock in the morning. The herring are caught in great seines and it is a very interesting sight to watch the great squirming, struggling mass pulled into the boats. If there has been a good catch of fish, early in the forenoon, the herring-boats arrive at the wharves heavily loaded with fish.

Then the factory-bell commences to ring, and scores of people, old and young, are seen hurrying to their work. From this time the factory presents a busy scene, and now is the time to go through it, when everybody is at work.

Down stairs is a big room, filled with boys and girls, cutting and flaking the fish. They cut off the heads and tails, take out the backbone and the fish are ready for baking.

On the second floor, are immense ovens, and men are putting great frames of fish into them for baking. The ovens have to be heated with great care, for if they are allowed to become too hot, the oil in the fish takes fire, and the only thing to do then is, to close the oven and let them burn. Many fish are lost in this way. They are baked for about twenty minutes, and then they are ready for an oil bath and packing. In the can-shop, are about a dozen men putting cans together. Up stairs again, the packers are busily at work packing the little fish into the cans.

After the fish are packed, the cans are filled up with oil or mustard, and sent to the next room to have the tops sealed on. The cans sealed, they are tested in a hot bath to see that they are properly sealed. Then they are packed in cases one hundred cans in a case, and sent to the dealers ready for next summer's picnics, when we all enjoy them with crackers and lemons.

Good wages are made by all, many making large pay. Even the "cutters," little girls and boys make from two to six dollars per week. Sealers make from $25 to $50 per week. All work is piece work. Of course, these wages cannot be made throughout the entire year, for the law only allows factories to run from December 15 to April 15, and many days of this time the workers are idle from lack of fish.

—S. E. S.

A Boy's Resolutions.

Resolved; not to grumble at anything except losing a shirt button.

Resolved; not to stand upon the street corners if a policeman is to be seen.

Resolved; that all the cigarettes I smoke shall be smoked in secret for fear of consequences.

Resolved; to keep my boots nicely blacked if I can coax mother to black them.

Resolved; to have perfect lessons if there isn't a church sociable to attend.

Resolved; to sit in the parlor and let the fire go entirely out rather than get a hod of coal.

Resolved; to spend my time tramping through the fields after woodchucks rather than to saw wood or get a barrel of shavings.

Resolved; to eat at morning, noon and night for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

Resolved; to carry a cane and part my hair exactly in the middle but never to allow any-

body to call me dude if I happen to be the larger and stronger.

Resolved; never to steal apples, pears or grapes until positively sure the owner doesn't keep a dog.

Resolved; that all things be done decently and in order, and that these resolutions be kept until broken.

—'92.

Pods.

Ask Miss B—what she meant by able-bodied ministers.

One of the chemistry class says that in Illinois has been found a *cheese-mine*.

The tiresome "well" has been nearly dropped and we are led to ask, quid proximum? (Well, there!—Ed.)

One of the Anabasis class translating, "And Cyrus received a wound the scar of which he bears today."

A senior in General History remarked with utmost assurance, that the princes of Germany were the nieces of the king.

The general history class was convulsed when told that "Henry VIII married Catherine Pair (Parr) and the pair lived happily ever after."

How amusing to see B—slide slyly over on the settee towards B—! They would gladly clasp hands like brothers (?) did not the teacher interfere.

Teacher: You notice the peculiar odor of moist clay, don't you, when you come upon it? Student (aside) No, I am too busy noticing its peculiar power of adherence.

All contributions such as jack-knives, strings, picture-books, bottles, peppermint drops, etc., will be gratefully received by G. Bean, '92. Desk open at all hours. Come early and avoid the crowd.

The U. S. History class has been entertained with a short sketch of the childhood and early manhood of Geo. Washington. The writer of the sketch deserves the greatest praise for omitting that time-worn anecdote of the little hatchet.

Another new word, "hethertofore."

"The Catholics had been killed in the other colonies so they fled to Maryland for safety."

C. told us the education of the Virginian was raising produce, but we fail to see the connection.

If you should ask one of the boys of '92, who was the first Methodist Missionary to America he would tell you Ponce de Leon.

To a question asked by the teacher, M., '92, replied: "Sartin" but upon being asked to repeat the answer, he innocently said: "Yes'm"

Once upon a time a wail of woe startled the members of the book-keeping class, but it was only L., inquiring after his lost jumping-jack.

Another new word "militaryism" is ready for the "T. A. dictionary" which must be begun or a great many wonderful words will be forgotten.

The infant of the class of '92, even goes so far as to amuse the Virgil class by innocently prattling away about "woolly lambs" in recitation.

Miss G—must have a foudness for spare-rib. We judge from the small specimen of a pig that occasionally comes forth from the recesses of her pocket.

One of the French class, '92, with becoming modesty acknowledges that "he didn't know but that Whittier could express a thought better than he could."

Such grammatical errors as "Elizabeth, she"—"Charles I, he"—are gradually creeping into the recitations of some of the history classes. (*Gradually*!—Ed.)

Two of the young ladies, '92, have lately had their faith in human nature sadly shaken by being ignominously sent from the class "just be 'ause I just smiled at her and she just smiled at me." (Their opinion of the case.—Ed.)

Miss W—was noticed carrying her Virgil upon her head in a very stately manner. When asked the reason for such conduct, she replied "I'm trying to get my Virgil lesson." (It didn't soak through.—Ed.)

Why Aunt Betsy is an Old Maid.

Aunt Betsy Jones, as everybody calls her, is a very prim, maiden lady of the dignified age of 54 years or thereabouts.

Aunt Betsy has until recently had some very serious thoughts of embarking on the matrimonial ship, having, as she fondly believed no less than three suitors of about her own age, of whom, to use her own expression, she could take her pick. But as each one of these suitors represented a well-to-do country gentleman, it was a source of not a little anxiety to the good soul as to which one she should decide to take "for better or worse."

Squire Higgs was unquestionably the most wealthy of the trio, but his face was so red, and his steps sometimes so unsteady, that ill-natured people might say that he was not always in favor of Prohibition. This she did not like at all, but still the money had such an influence over Aunt Betsy that she preferred to keep him as one of the strings to her bow.

The parson, Elder Smith, also paid her attentions of an unmistakable nature, having even gone so far as to squeeze her hand once at the sewing circle, when they happened (?) to meet in a place where they were alone together. Aunt Betsy thought this a good match, and had almost decided to let the parson propose, and done with it, when the thought of his small salary (half of which he was obliged to take in corn, meal, potatoes, promises and other things, which although good enough in their place, were not easily negotiable) contrasted with the wealth of Squire Higgs flashed across her mind, causing the man of psalms to suffer in comparison with the man of greenbacks.

The last of Aunt Betsy's resources was personified in the village school-master, Eben Sims, who would have been her choice but for his habit of stuttering, which was made all the worse in his attempt to be eloquent to her whom he said he "a-d-d-or-r-ed."

Aunt Betsy had thus far, by her tact, kept each of her suitors from proposing until such a time as she should decide whom to favor,

The squire's money plead his cause; her neighbors advised her to take the Rev., while her own feelings inclined toward the man of letters and switches.

After having tried to decide this momentous question, many times wishing that Mormon custom had become universal, according to her judgment, this much courted maiden lady decided to go by the principle contained in such expressions as "The early bird catches the worm," and "First come first served," and to give herself to the one who should propose first.

In the meantime, the gossips had not been idle, and each of the lovers had by this time discovered that his beloved Betsy was the object of the affections of others. Each started to call upon her to inquire whether or not these reports had any foundation, and as each had, by one of these marvelous coincidences, never before known except in fiction, selected the same time for his unpleasant errand, they met at the house where their affections were centered.

The parson arrived first and was just under way in an eloquent speech, in which he was using some rather plain language, when the gate was heard to click, and looking out of the window Aunt Betsy perceived the squire coming up the walk with steps which boded no good to the object of his wrath.

But she was equal to the occasion and on a trifling pretext she got the minister to stop his speech and enter the pantry, and as soon as he had done so she turned the bolt upon him.

Leaving the reverend gentleman to his reflections, she then greets the irate squire, but she had scarcely commenced to explain matters to that worthy when a fresh difficulty appeared in the shape of the school-master, whom she saw approaching at a little distance. She told the squire that she heard a noise in the cellar and asked as a particular favor that he would go down and investigate; no sooner did he comply with this request than she made a prisoner of him also.

She then turned her attention to the school-master and he had only begun his stuttering demand for explanations when he heard a noise which appeared to come from the cellar; after the noise had been several times repeated, he,

in spite of Aunt Betsy's assurance that it is only rats, which have lately infested her cellar in large numbers, went to the cellar door and opened it.

Imagine his surprise and anger on seeing the squire with a piece of cold chicken in one hand, and in the other his nose, which, as the door opened on the inside, had been badly bruised by a sudden and forcible collision. The squire also thinking that *his* rights had been imposed upon, rushes forth, like a madman, and a struggle ensued which might have turned out seriously, had it not been for the interference of the parson, who hearing the noise, had prefered jumping out of the pantry window to waiting there in suspense until he was released. He soon parted the infuriated men and then comparing notes and questioning Aunt Betsy they became convinced that they were "more sinned against than sinning." They of course forgave each other, and concentrated their wrath upon the ambitious maiden lady.

Aunt Betsy still lives in her little old house on the cross roads, writes her title with ss, and declares that "men don't amount to shucks, anyway."

—'92

Method in Study.

Method in study is almost as necessary as the text book itself, yet how few of us seem to realize this fact. How often we so confuse history with science that they are almost inseparable in the recitation hour.

It looks reasonable that if we were to lay out a definite plan in our study we could accomplish much more and much better work in less time. Very few of us would think of reading one page in an interesting story book and omitting the next ten, but that is the way some of us study, picking out the easy and interesting parts but omitting the difficult. It does not make much difference what lesson we study first, but we should finish that lesson before beginning another, or we are continually thinking of the one but half learned and confusing it with whatever we are at that moment studying. One hour if carefully and thoughtfully spent can in many cases be made to take the place of two in which we are often leaving the subject in question and wondering what we ought to do next. To obtain the most information on any subject in the least time, the facts must be taken in their order; and that order must be so arranged that one fact will naturally suggest another. In every kind of employment this rule holds true, a mail carrier for example does not distribute his letters one by one in the order they happen to be in his bag, but he separates and arranges them very carefully according to the situation of the houses at which they are to be left; again, the carpenter does not frame the roof of his building before he lays the sills, but begins at the foundation.

Much of our valuable time which should be spent in study, we waste in wishing our lessons were completed and that we were free to enjoy ourselves as we please; thus spending an hour where a few moments rightfully used would have sufficed.

The last inducement to be offered in favor of using method in study as well as elsewhere, is, that after our lessons are well and thoroughly prepared in the shortest possible time, we are not tired with an extra amount of worrying and fretting, but we are in a condition to enjoy any entertainment or recreation that may offer itself; and when the hour of retirement comes we are able to put away all thoughts of school and lessons in the happy consciousness that all will be well upon the morrow.

—'92.

—Mr. Gladstone predicts that the great book-producing nations of the future are to be the United Kingdom and the United States.—*Book News.*

—President Carnot, of France, is a lover of English gems, and has translated in French "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," and the "Winter's Tale."—*Poet Lore.*

—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's home in Hartford, Conn., is the home of a poet. Every table is loaded with books; the walls are rich with pictures, etchings and engravings, and every corner has its own fragrant nosegay. Without the faintest sense of grandeur, there is everywhere an assurance of elegance and comfort.—*Book News.*

Snow Flakes Revel.

Downward over in their flight
Drop the snow flakes pure and white
On this cold, dark earth below,
Dancing, prancing as they go.
Piling here, and piling there,
On the earth, so bleak and bare.
Cover up the tiny brooks,
All the glens and mossy rooks;
Cover all the flowers up,
Daisy and the buttercup.
Wrap the trees in sombre form,
All the vines and shrubs around.
Down the vales they plunging leap,
On the mountain tops they heap,
Block the road and footpaths all
As they onward ever fall.
Picturesque look all the towns
In their white and spotless gowns.
Aught of life is scarcely seen,
But the smoke from chimney's mean,
All within doors snugly stay—
While the snowflakes revel gay—
Round the fireplace to sit,
Young to play, and old to knit;
Grandma telling stories—old—
Fairies—goblins—Knights so bold!
Blessed days! O, days of rest!
Days like these, indeed are blest.
Round one's hearthstone all to be,
What a loving sight to see!
Pity, wandering ones that roam,
As 'tis said "No place like home."
O, that we like snowflakes white,
Be unblemished in God's sight.

Exchanges.

Daniel Webster was the editor of the first college paper.—Ex.

The Premier, Fall River, Mass., is one of our latest exchanges. It is well written and presents a very attractive appearance.

The Review, Washington City, is true to its motto, "News, old news, and such news as you never heard of."

The Wad contains poems in no less than three different languages.

We have seldom seen the equal of the *Academy*, Worcester, Mass.

The Graphic has many original things, among the most noticeable of which is the substitution of ink of an ultra-marine blue for the good, old fashioned black.

The Rutland High School Notes has for its motto, "Noblesse oblige!"

We are much pleased with the motto of *The Academic Observer*, "Vestigia nulla retrorsum."

Space forbids us to more than speak of the following for which we thank the editors:

The Webster Journal, Grove City, Pa.
The Critic, New Haven, Conn.
The Academy Monthly, Germantown, Pa.
The Racquet, Portland, Me.
Seminary Echo, Willmar, Minn.
The College Echo, Macalester, Minn.
The High School Echo, Manchester, N. H.
The High School Drift, Salamanca, N. Y.
The High School Aegis, Oakland, Cal,
The High School Record, Woonsocket.

There is good authority for saying that Whittier has at last given up his pen which has been at work so many years. He has written a farewell poem to his friends and admirers which is soon to be published.

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And it came to pass in those days when Enoch did reign over the land called Saco, that there lived a man whom the people called O. P. whose Sir name was Greene. This man kept Boots and Shoes, also Trunks and Bags to sell. His prices were so low that people were greatly amazed and run to his tent to buy, crying in a loud voice: "O. (P) Greene thou art a good man. We know the number of thy tent is 53 Main street, and we shall soon return bringing our families."

(To be continued in our next.)